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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRE.

Regret.

Was it my fault, dear friend, old friend, that we were parted?
Was it that I grew cold, and you were broken-hearted?
'Twas all assumed, dear one, lost you should know
How I had fallen in the depths of woe.

Alas, I did not know to where your steps were tending,
That you were near the silent land, between us all
I did not know that your dear voice would soon be hushed forever,
And that the hand I used to touch would clasp responsive never.

Why did I throw such love away; now life is very dreary,
For your fond pitying look, my heart is sad and weary,
Where you are gone, you cannot know of my regretful tears;
You're safely landed, I must still look down the waste of years.

Outside the gates of that wonderful land
Where you have gone, I shall some day stand,
And who out of great tribulation hath come?
Returned from my wanderings so long and so far!

Will he know me for one whose life-work is done
And who out of great tribulation hath come?
With your angel's garments on and with your radiant brow,
Will you be waiting there for me, as I am waiting now?

My journey of life will soon be wearily traveled through,
Perhaps I may leave unfinished the work that I had to do;
But in the beautiful home of the soul, I shall find my lost again,
Their shadowy fingers beckon to me, they are free from all sorrow and pain.

STORE TELLER.

No Head For Business.

Six years before the date of my story George Ewalt, an Iowa farmer, having several thousand dollars of spare capital to invest, became silent partner in the dry goods house of his brother, Andrew, in Philadelphia. He received, of course, quarterly statements of the affairs of the firm. In 1869, however, he came to Philadelphia unexpectedly and walked into his brother's office one cool day in October. Andrew had grown lean, anxious, gray-haired; he spoke with measured slowness, and dressed with scrupulous neatness. The Iowa man was large and florid, his voice was loud and breezy, his clothes hung loosely about him.

"This town life is cramping!" he thought, discontentedly, eyeing his brother as they sat together.

"I hope you are satisfied with the way the business has grown?" said Mr. Ewalt, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, certainly," glancing carelessly through the glass door at the long counters and shelves of goods.

"Your investment has paid as much as you expected, George?"

"Very fair, very fair. But where is Wally? I came here to find my own flesh and blood, man, not to look after investments."

"Walter?" uneasily. "He is at his desk yonder. I have a great deal of care and anxiety about that boy, George."

Walter had been his favorite when a child. The old man's face clouded. "Wild, eh? Does he drink? gamble?"

"My son! No, not!" severely. "I should turn him out of doors if that were the case. But he has no stability; he is headlong, reckless, cares nothing for business. He is utterly worthless, in a word." Mr. Ewalt spoke with the energy of a man who had long kept silence. "He is surely breaking my heart, George. I meant to train him to take my place in the house; he ought by this time to know the business in every detail, but instead of mastering it, he has joined a base-ball club, goes to regattas, to the theatre, and drives a fast horse in the park."

"Oh-h! I see," with a meditative nod. "That is he by the window? Fine, manly-looking fellow, Andy. Who is the young man at the desk near him, dark, quiet face?"

"That is my foreman, Leslie Crawford. A thorough man of business if Walter had taken him as a model, now—"

Walter at the moment was whistling a dancing tune; "I beg your pardon, Les, you can't count for my racket."

"It does not annoy me," glancing furtively over toward Mr. Ewalt's office to see if the racket was heard there.

"I say, who is that old cove with my father?"

"Been there an hour and a half; saved me a lecture for that space of time. Well, I'm off."

"Going to leave the store for the day?" said Leslie, in the peculiar, distant

tinot, monotonous tone which for some reason always rasped Walter to incessant impatient outbursts.

"Yes, I'm going to leave it for the day. I wish it was forever!"

"Don't like it to-day, eh?" slightly lifting his smooth eyebrows.

"Like it? I never liked it, I'm stifling! The very smell of the flannels sickens me! Do you know, I've been just a week learning the difference between real and imitation Valenciennes lace. Nice occupation for a big lout like me," glancing down at this sturdy body and large hands: "I'm going for a horse and I scour the river road before night. I must get my breath."

"What about that livery-stable bill?" said Leslie in the same tone without lifting his eyes from his pen.

"Hush, Les! for heaven's sake. What about all the other bills I owe? Do you know what I'm to do. Snyder threatens to go to father with his—"

"What will you do then?"

"Do? Blow my brains out, I reckon! It's about all the use I'm of, to manure the earth somewhere, I'm of no account for anything. I begin to think father's right—I am worth less."

The lad's eyes filled. He stood with his hands in his pockets, staring gloomily out of the window.

Leslie carefully wiped his pen, and put it in the rest.

"Use?" he said reflectively. "I don't know. You sing a comic song very well, Walter."

Walter turned flaming on him for a moment, then he burst into a good-humored laugh.

"You're a cool hand," Crawford, he said. "I never saw an animal of your sort, precisely."

"Your father is beckoning to you," said Leslie, calmly.

Walter walked unwillingly to the office, knocking down a stool or two on the way. Instead of his father's thin austere visage, a flushed, kindly face met him.

"Why, Wally, boy?"

"By George!" shouted Walter. "If it isn't Uncle Grizzly himself!" flinging his arms about the old man's neck and kissing him, regardless of the spectators.

"Grizzly? The scamp hasn't forgotten the old joke. Well, well! stand off a bit, boy, till I get a fair look! The same honest, ugly phiz. Neither of us ever were beauties!"

Mr. Ewalt watched the two men walking off together, arm in arm, laughing.

"Ugly? Not at all, Walter is a remarkably handsome boy," he thought.

Leslie Crawford touched him on the arm.

"I have just heard, sir, of another debt of Walter's to Snyder," he said.

The kindly light went out of Mr. Ewalt's face.

"Very well. The end must come soon." After a moment's pause he said coldly, "I thank you for your watch over him, Mr. Crawford; I will not forget it, and when the time comes—"

"No, sir. There can come no time for payment. Mine has been a labor of friendship for your son."

"Friendship?" muttered Mr. Ewalt, bitterly, as Leslie walked away.

"That man knows that he will take Walter's place in the store, and that soon. He desires it. But as for friendship—"

Walter and his uncle strolled through the city, took supper, and were as happy as two boys together. But when Walter was alone again the load of care rolled back on him. He hardly knew how he had plunged into debt. He was careless, reckless, mad for excitement, the hot blood surged through his veins. But he had not meant to be vicious.

"If anybody had ever held out a helping hand I might have made a man, after all," he thought, as he lay tossing on his bed that night. "If mother had only lived."

From his father he had only heard peevish, stinging sarcasm, and the daily command to "go and learn something of cotton and dress goods."

"If I could be rid of these debts, I would begin all fresh. I'd go into the store, and do my best. One hundred and fifty dollars would make a free man of me. But I would as soon get a million."

He lay awake until near morning, and entered the store late the next day, his head throbbing and his eyes bleared from loss of sleep.

"Your father has sent out for your uncle," said Leslie, looking up from his desk.

There was an unusual composure on even his calm face. He spoke

slowly, as if weighing even those trivial words.

"You're turning into a regular machine, Les!" said Walter, irritably. "Iron, screws, wheels—so much noise ground out—"

Crawford's cold eyes followed him as he passed on, and then dropped quietly on the long line of figures before him. But he made no entries. He was listening like a sluth-hound to the smothered sound of voices in Mr. Ewalt's office.

Besides the merchant, there was waiting for Walter, his uncle and a tall, red-headed gentleman. His father was standing, a slip of paper in his hand. He held it out to Walter, smiling nervously, a feverish, scared gentleness in his manner which startled the boy.

"Ah! here is my son. He will explain it," Mr. Luckett. This check, Walter, did you ever see it before?"

Walter glanced at it.

"I don't know, sir. I go to cash your checks every day. This may have been among them. I can't say."

"Don't you examine the checks before you present them and count the money?" inquired Mr. Luckett.

Walter grew crimson.

"Sometimes, but not always. Father knows the checks are right, and the cashier knows the money is right, so I don't trouble myself, of course." Hastily. "It's wrong, but I have no head for business."

The officer smiled meaningly, but made no answer.

"You don't understand, Walter," said his father. "My name is forged to this check. Mr. Luckett said you presented it day before yesterday, and drew the money for it. Is it true?"

"I don't know, sir. If I did, of course I didn't know it was forged. I took over half a dozen checks to cash. You or Leslie gave them to me. I don't know which. Why," suddenly coughing, "of course it couldn't be. You wouldn't give me a forged check on yourself, sir?"

"The boy is so guiltless that he does not see that you suspect him," said Uncle George, angrily turning on the officer.

"Suspect me! of forgery, father?"

"No, my son, God knows, I don't," cried Mr. Ewalt with shaking hands.

"But if you could only remember."

"The cashier is ready to swear that you did cash this check," said Mr. Luckett, facing Walter with keen, inextinguishable eyes.

"I have had no money. Look there!" said Walter, with a nervous laugh, turning out his empty pockets.

At this moment Leslie came noiselessly into the office.

"Here are some receipts which Snyder and two other men left to be given to you, Walter," he said, in his distinct tone.

"Receipts?" stammered Walter.

"I have paid them."

"These bills with the money enclosed, were sent them by a messenger yesterday," pursued Leslie. "They brought the receipts themselves. See if they are right—one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and forty cents."

There was a breathless silence. Leslie walked back to his desk. The cold, clammy sweat stood on Walter's face.

"Speak! speak! Explain this," Walter cried his father, shrilly. "I don't believe it. I trust you, my boy."

"How was it, Wally?" said his uncle, his gruff voice, unsteady.

"The lad can clear it all up, Mr. Luckett, if you give him a moment's time."

"I don't know how it was," broke out Walter. "Some enemy has done this for me. There is my desk!" flinging it open.

"There are Snyder's bills and the rest unpaid. There are all my letters. I've been a fool, as you'll see, father; but I've not been a thief!"

The desk was a disorderly heap of old letters, papers, boxing-gloves, etc. On the top, conspicuously, lay a clean sheet of paper, with a recently written memorandum. The officer took it up.

"This explains matters," he said. "Snyder, ninety dollars; Smith, twenty-three dollars; Judkin, twenty-six dollars and forty cents; total, one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and forty cents. And here is the change from the check in the desk—ten dollars and sixty cents. It is a pity you opened your desk," to Walter.

"I never wrote that. I never saw that change," said Walter boldly.

"Give me the memorandum," said his father. "Great God! it is his writing!"

Uncle George leaped forward to look at it. A sudden flush of intelligence came into his face.

"Give me that lot of paper!" he shouted. He held it up and smelled it.

"My nose never deceived me

yet! It's the perfume that fellow yonder carries about him. I thought as much."

Then, before anyone had caught his meaning, he crossed the room, hurled Leslie aside with one hand, and threw open the desk with the other, saying—

"It's time to look into your papers now, young man. This is a deep-laid plan of yours to thrust Wally into the street, while you sneaked into his place! But I've got you! I'll not let you go in a hurry!" holding him by the neckcloth and shaking him breathless, while Mr. Ewalt and the officer examined the desk.

Criminals always leave some tell-tale witness against themselves. There was a sheet of paper, on which the memorandum had been written several times, in imitation of Walter's hand. At the back of the desk were a couple of forged checks, in Mr. Ewalt's name, to a large amount.

"The fellow was preparing for flight in case he was found out," said Uncle George, with a shake to emphasize each sentence. "Bring in a policeman! Oh, you're a cool hand!"

Leslie Crawford was tried and sent to the state prison. The day after the trial Uncle George had an earnest conference with Walter's father.

"I think you are making a mistake with the boy," he said. "He is fit for an outdoor life. Give him me for two years. I'll give him hard work, and buy meadows and herds of cattle, to deal with, instead of cases and gingham. He'll find hunting and fishing a more wholesome excitement than the theatre and drinking-saloons. Many a boy would be tired of sowing wild oats, if you gave him real oats to sow."

Walter Ewalt is now one of the largest cattle-raisers of the West. His father has given up business, and lives with him, and Uncle George comes up weekly from his ranch.

"We had well-nigh made a fatal mistake with this lad of ours, Andrew," he says. "He's turning out all right," quite forgetting that the "lad" is the father of sturdy boys, and that his whiskers are turning gray.—Waverly Magazine.

Matches.

At Jonkoping, Sweden, is the largest match factory in the world. One hundred years ago it was established, and there are now to be seen specimens of the matches used at the beginning of the present century, consisting of big fagots of wood, furnished with a handle and a tip to dip in a bath of sulphur. The wood from which the present kind of matches is made is taken from the adjacent forests, which are divided into fifty sections. Every year one section is cut and then replanted, with young trees. The trees are hewn into planks in the forest and cut into slivers in the factory. The boxes are made of the outside of the trees. The factories are on the banks of lakes which are connected with one another by wide canals.

Millions of matches are turned out every day. Some idea of where they all go to may be obtained from the statement that there are at least two hundred and eighty million of matches burned each day in the United States, or an average of five matches for each person.

Honesty of the Scandinavians.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Stockholm, Sweden, says: "I said that the Scandinavians were honest. It was my custom, at Copenhagen, on going out of the hotel to hang the key of my door on the proper hook near the porter's desk. On returning I generally found it in the door itself unlocked. On remonstrating with the proprietor about this, I was told that this was not Germany (he was too polite to say America), but that it was Denmark; that the Danes were honest, that locking one's door was a useless formality in Copenhagen. From that time on I often left my door unlocked in Scandinavian hotels, and never lost even a pin. In Norwegian hotels it is the practice for the guest not only to leave his shoes outside the door at night to be blackened, but to leave his coat, pants and vest outside on a chair, to be brushed by one of the servants. I should smile to see a traveler expose his entire wardrobe in this wise to the hotel thieves in St. Louis. Honesty is so far presumed upon in Scandinavia, that on the steamboats which ply between Copenhagen and Christiania the passenger, no matter how much or how little he patronize the table or the bar, keeps

his own account of what he eats or drinks, and renders his bill to the steward of the boat, and pays it before leaving. If I had not seen every passenger, more than a hundred in number, on a large steamer do this, and had not done it myself, I would not have believed that such a custom could exist. Each passenger would hand to the steward a little list of what he had eaten and drank, and the steward would mark the price opposite each item, foot it up and receive payment. The steward had kept no account whatever with any passenger, but had trusted to each one implicitly to keep his own account. Some foreigners, who were not aware of the custom, and some bibulous persons whose memories had been obscured by an excess of drink, were put to much trouble to render their reckoning.

When the Emperor William travels every possible measure is taken to provide for his comfort. The Emperor's special train consists of three saloon carriages connected with each other by a covered way. The imperial carriage proper is richly hung with blue damask, and at one end there is a small compartment in which the Emperor likes to stand at the window when making short journeys. A small saloon next to this coupe contains a sofa and a spring seat, opposite which is the Emperor's camp bed. Near the saloon is the study, in which there stands a desk with writing materials, whose appearance shows good wear. Upon a bracket above the desk is a small model of the Column of Victory in Berlin. Adjacent to the study is a dressing room, fitted up with extreme care and good taste. A final room contains two small sofas, a leaf table, and a large mirror. With the Emperor's own carriage is a carriage for his suite, and this is of course quite differently fitted up. It contains five or six apartments, each containing a table and two small couches. All the rooms are connected by telegraph with the Emperor's apartments. The carriages are provided with gas throughout.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Novelties in Jewelry.

Superstition's curse is fast being removed from the opal.

Cup studs nearly as large as acorn shells have recently been sold.

Plaques, set or unset, appear as scarf-pins or ornaments on bracelets.

Tigers' heads, heavily engraved in scroll style, appear on sleeve-buttons.

The bar pin with ball pendants sells well, both in onyx and moonstone jewelry.

The vermicelli finish on bracelets and queen chains is still deservedly popular.

Open-top silver pitchers begin to displace the close-mouthed varieties lately in vogue.

Rustic ornaments in log-hut style are among the almost countless ornaments on bracelets.

Heavily carved link-buttons or one such mated with a plain polished bar, are a novelty in this line.

Horned crescents with or without pearls begin to replace the traditional crescents in onyx goods.

Silver watch-cases chased in antique or renaissance patterns are considerably worn by ladies at present.

In narrow onyx bar pins, instead of the full row of pearls, a half row terminating in ornamental gold work now appears.

Birds, animals and various fancy objects are carved on collar-buttons to match sleeve-buttons similarly ornamented.

A small three-lobed leaf thick set with sapphires, rubies, or diamonds or combinations of these, makes a rich scarf pin.

The Maltese-cross design is familiar in ear-rings and scarf-pins, pearls and diamonds being a favorite combination in the former.

A pointed gold bar in enameled crape finish, bearing in its centre a clover leaf set with pearls, is noticeable among novelties in onyx pins.

An onyx brooch recently seen represented a scalloped shell with a crescent of pearls at its base, and pearls dotting the edge at intervals.—Jewellers Weekly.

He Shot a Centipede Off His Toe.

A company of immigrants had camped in New Mexico, and one night one of the party, who was sleeping on the ground, was awakened by a peculiar sensation on his toes.

He looked and saw an enormous centipede crawling across his foot. Only a few feet from him was the camp fire, and he could see every fibre of the reptile. Knowing its peculiarities and the effect of its sting, he was in a fever of excitement. Afraid to move a muscle, he dared not attempt to shake it off.

After a second's pause he reached under his head, got his pistol, and taking deliberate aim, fired. It was a life-saving shot for the man. The centipede divided and dropped on each side of his foot. But here comes the most remarkable part of the story. Within an hour after the shot was fired the men heard a terrible groaning from one of their mules tied only a few yards away. They went to them and found one of them with his left fore-leg swollen to an immense size. The swelling increased, as did the agony and groans of the brute, until it died in about thirty minutes thereafter.

An examination was made and it was discovered that the bullet that had severed the centipede had entered the mule's foot just above the hoof and inoculated it with the poison from the reptile.

The Great Picture.

Of New York City, which is to appear as a supplement in the Holiday Number of THE CINCINNATI ILLUSTRATED NEWS, gives a magnificent bird-eye view of that city from a point opposite the conjunction of the Hudson and East Rivers, about half way between the Battery and the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge. The New York approach to the big bridge, the Battery and the river front between the two are most prominently displayed, while Broadway, with Trinity Church, the City Hall, and Grace Church, is pretty distinctly defined. The Productive Exchange, Chamber of Commerce, the Shot Tower and a small corner of the city of Brooklyn are shown, while the East River, filled with the vessels of all nations upon its waters, makes an interesting study.

In the distance may be seen the outlines of Jersey City, Blackwell's Island, and Long Island. Taken all in all, the engraving, drawn by John R. Chapin, is an excellent piece of work, superior to anything we have yet seen, and is sure to please New Yorkers especially. The size of the picture is 33½x45 inches. The same number will contain a large new view of the city of Cincinnati, showing Covington and Newport across the River. The paper complete will consist of 75 pages. The first copies came from the press last evening.—Commercial Gazette.

Teething Babies.

Between the fifth and seventh months, the two first lower teeth will make their appearance simultaneously. Prior to this, wash baby's mouth out regularly every day with cold water in which is dissolved a little powdered borax. The latter is unnecessary unless there is soreness of the mouth. When baby begins partaking of solid food, a small tooth-brush with very soft bristles should be used. As this is so rarely done, there are many who will criticize the suggestion. As a result of this practice, he or she will possess two rows of sound white teeth, until the second ones make their appearance. The longer the first teeth are preserved, the stronger and better the second set will be. After meals is the time to clean the teeth, particularly after supper or before going to bed. If they are to be cleaned but once a day, let it be before going to bed.—Mrs. Ellis L. Mumma, in Good Housekeeping.

The Scheme was Frustrated.

"I was just now a witness to what was almost a domestic tragedy," remarked a young man as he alighted from a street car the other day on his return from a visit to a married friend.

"How did it happen?" asked several together. "It all happened on account of the tender love and sympathy a little girl possessed for her mother, was the response: 'you see I was up at—'s house, and we had planned a nice little excursion to Keuka to-morrow. He had just gone into the dining-room to explain to his wife how a sudden business appointment had called him out of town over Sunday."

He succeeded admirably, and coming out remarked in the hearing of his six year-old daughter that he had filled the old lady's eyes with dust. She is a very sympathizing little girl, and before we caught on she had a basin of water and a sponge, and had gone into the dining-room, as she expressed it to her mother, 'to wash out dust papa said he had thrown in mamma's eyes.' It gave the whole thing away, and we are not going to Keuka."

"What did the wife do about it?" asked the unmarried man in the party, "did—"

"But his married auditors had fled.—Elmira Gazette.

INDIANA.

TWO IMPORTANT SUBJECTS, VIZ: TRADE AND EDUCATION.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Having some leisure, I concluded to express my opinion on two important subjects. Two of the most important things to my knowledge are a trade and an education. No power on earth can take them from us. Every deaf person who enters the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, should come back with a good education and a good trade. Yet there are many mutes in this State, who have been at that Institution, and who have only a limited education, and never completed their trade. It has long been known that that Institution has been under the control of politics. One party turned out a superintendent, who had spent a long lifetime in fitting the mutes to battle with the world, and put in a dentist who was densely ignorant of the sign language. I was admitted to the Institution shortly after the dentist took charge of it, was there two terms under his administration, and during all that time I never saw him to address the pupils in the chapel for five minutes. He always addressed us through an interpreter, (the law requires that the Superintendent of the Institution shall be well skilled in that class of education.) That proves that the law was openly violated to give a party a comfortable place. The politicians think the mutes will endure all this, but they will wake up from such a belief some day.

I had a desire to learn the shoemaking trade, but I had to sit around the shop week after week; was in a long time, and never drove a peg. I think the instructor was not neglecting his duty, but I think that when they have no work to do that they should make shoes for the city, or sell them some place, thus they would not only make money, but learn each boy a good trade to enable him to live nicely. When they had any shoes to half sole the foreman always gave the job to someone who already knew how. That was all wrong. When I saw that I could not learn the shoemaking, I was admitted to the bakery, but they always made the bread while I was at school, and in the afternoon I would work up the dough. Of course, I did not succeed in getting a trade.

I went to a teacher who was highly qualified, and learned rapidly. He was there while Mr. MacIntire was superintendent. I never saw Mr. MacIntire, but every time I meet mutes, and our conversation drifts to the Institution, they always speak of him with the deepest affection.

There are many mutes in Indiana, who not only graduated at the Institution, but the Deaf-Mutes' College besides. Yet when the Institution requires more talent, their first fly is for some speaking teachers. Why not secure the services of some deaf-mutes? It would encourage the pupils to pay more strict attention to their studies. It makes me mad when I see a highly educated deaf-mute working as a farm hand for a few dollars a month. Not that I do not appreciate his pluck in not being ashamed of working hard, but because I know he possesses enough knowledge to be a teacher at the Institution, and because I think when a vacancy occurs, a mute should take the place. When I commenced this letter, I stated that I proposed to express my sentiments on two important subjects, and that is just what I have done. I did not graduate at the Institution, but have a nice position; therefore it will be seen that I am thinking of other mutes.

I wrote this epistle merely as a pastime during the long evening, but it is what I consider the God's truth of two important subjects.

Hiawatha.

Dec. 6, '86.

NEW YORK.

The Gallaudet Club Ball.

A MOST ENJOYABLE EVENT.

Lyrics and Sauce.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Had it been the good fortune of the late Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet to have lived to enjoy his ninety-ninth year, and had he been able to take part in the festivities which occurred last Friday evening, in Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue, corner of 42d street, it would and must have been extremely gratifying to him to know that his efforts in behalf of the deaf-mutes of America had met with their just reward.

It was the occasion of the Ball of the Gallaudet Club, the leading social organization in New York, and the chief and annual entertainment of which is given on December 10th, in commemoration of the founder of the first school for the deaf in America, in 1815, for whom the Club is named.

As is usually the case on all occasions of this kind, the early comers, barring the members and their escorts, were few and far between, but with the growth of the hour the guests correspondingly increased, and by 10 p. m. there were in all some 200 couples on the floor, representing the *creme de la creme* of New York's mute society, besides some fifty hearing people.

The first ball of the season was opened by Chairman Hodgson, of the Arrangements Committee, who, ascending the stage, made a neat and brief address of welcome, after which came short addresses by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Professor Bishop, of the High Class of the New York Institution, and Rev. Anson T. Colt, eulogistic of the man in honor of whom the ball was given. The Chairman then read letters of regret from Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington; Dr. L. L. Peet, Dr. G. O. Fay, of Hartford, Prof. A. G. Draper, of Washington, and Mr. John Carlin. Hon. Prof. Sausse got his men and instruments ready, waved his baton, and amid sweet strains Floor Manager E. H. Currier directed the "Promenade" "To our Guests," the music being one of the professor's latest and own compositions, and the promenade, led by President Fox and Miss Fannie Stewart, was of very intricate and pretty design.

From then until intermission, when all sat down to a supper served in Terhune's best style, and of which President Fox made the toast of the evening, "whom we are here to honor," with a response from Dr. Gallaudet. The "re-entree" under the direction of assistant Floor Manager Alex. L. Pach, and led by President Fox and lady, was on a par with its predecessor, and from then until the sun came out and told every body it was morning, the last dance having no less than fifteen couples on the floor.

Thus ended the first ball of the season, and although the receipts were not a first thought, the affair was a highly enjoyable one, and everybody left greatly pleased with the occasion, the Gallaudet Club, and their efforts to honor the "Father of Deaf-Mute Education" in this country.

LYRICS AND SAUCE

Among the many pretty costumes we noticed the following: President Fox, as indeed all the other members, were in full dress. His escort, Miss Fannie Stewart, a dark brunette, was becomingly attired in a light blue satin, corsage bouquet of Jacqueminot roses, with diamond ornaments. Chairman Hodgson was accompanied by his wife's younger sister, Miss Florence P. Jones, a charmingly beautiful girl, in cream satin with Fedora lace overdress, and light-blue sash, corsage bouquet of Jacqueminot roses, with diamond ornaments. Assistant Floor manager Pach was all smiles, for the escort on his arm, Miss Jo Stewart, a decided blonde, in cream colored sash; the neck of the pointed bodice was cut en cour, tarsi and ear pendents of pearls.

Miss Frankie Hawkins, leaning on the arm of Secretary Porter, was bewitching in a rich black velvet with striped black and white vest, topaz jewels. The costume of Mrs. Willard Smith was especially mentionable, being composed entirely of black lace, over orange colored satin. She was accompanied by Mr. Smith.

Then Miss Lizzie Brinck, who glanced every now and then at her escort. "Ike" Soper, appeared very charming in a light blue cashmere, long drapery, with low cut front and back.

Miss Annie Austin, who all the evening had a host of admirers, wore a pretty cream satin, and her escort, Vice-President Souweine, predicted she would be accented the "belle."

Treasurer Guggenheimer multiplied two and two, then stroked his "copy-righted" as he led through the "re-entree" Miss Hatch, a blonde in cream silk and velvet corsage, bordered with silver down; ornaments, diamonds.

After him came "our little" Lounsbury, thinking to himself there was nobody present like his escort, Miss

Maggie Bothner, in light blue cashmere, pompadour corsage, filled in with lace, diamond jewels.

Morton Sonneborn took in the tickets before intermission, and after that had eyes only for Miss Walker, who wore a fawn-colored brocaded silk, diamond ornaments.

Joseph Sonneborn accompanied his sister. She wore a white cashmere over a skirt of black velvet, ornaments diamonds and pearls.

Artist Ballin appreciated the attention of Miss George Loomis, who was becomingly attired in a pink cashmere, with pearl ornaments, and she appreciated somebody's attention too.

Miss Carrie B. Felver appeared charming in a costume of pink nun's veiling, highly ornamented with pearl beads, high back, with low cut corsage, pearl necklace, diamond earrings, as she leaned on the arm of Committee-man O'Brien.

Mr. C. R. Thomson escorted Miss Virginia Gallaudet, and appeared to enjoy the occasion immensely.

That "member from Hoboken," Anthony Capelli, talked over old school days with little Jennie Williams, who was attired in a heavy black satin.

Count Loew and wife who wore a lovely white costume appeared satisfied with the evening's enjoyment, while Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, helped them to make up a group of some fifteen, among whom were Misses Wright, Minnie Kaufman, Miss Prudence Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Currier and Mr. T. A. Froehlich.

Dignified looking Waters, who is already a member in full standing, escorted a charming blonde from over the bridge, and was attentive to his duties on the Floor Committee.

Jim Donnelly was there, of course, and with him Miss Lizzie Gardner and sister, also Miss Minnie Luckass.

The Brooklyn Society was represented by "genial" Tom Godfrey and Mr. Patterson, who took things in a quiet and modest way.

"Alderman" Russell and wife dropped in about 9:30 p. m., and enjoyed the dancing to their hearts' content.

The "Poet" LeClercq, diversified his time between dances, by seeking new partners, being especially attentive to the Misses Price and Adelia Hericht and her sister, Tillie Augusta.

From Bridgeport came Messrs. Munger and Muth, while from Yaphank, R. I., was Mrs. Abbott, as also Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Leek, Misses A. M. Stoffel, M. Axt, and Louis W. Riger, of New Haven, Conn.

Jim Donohue danced every dance, but danced more with Miss McGrath than anybody else.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, of Brooklyn, left the "baby" with grandma, and enjoyed the ball from beginning to end.

Artist Tresh took unto himself the task to give an account in the *World* of Saturday?

Mr. Hutton, who has been a member for a month only, was pleased with his company, Miss Annie Doyle, and together they went through the waltz to perfection.

"Salesman" Thomas, we almost forgot him, discussed clothing matters with Miss George Decker, who looked impressive in a heavy rich black silk, with jet ornaments.

Mr. and Mrs. Kircher were present, and everything was explained to them by Johnny Lonegran.

Mrs. Annie C. Holt, accompanied by her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Applegate, enjoyed her first ball, and was well pleased with it. We believe she leaves for North Carolina some time next week.

Of the receipts, it is difficult to learn at present how they stand, but it was not profit the Club looked for, it was more to the social success of the affair, and that they were favored in this regard, everybody present attested to.

Uncle Jim O'Neil had with him his charming niece, and through the evening distributed invitations for the St. Joseph's Union Ball.

Mr. George Piano, of West Point, N. Y., impressed everybody by his soldierly bearing, and through the evening "Caporal" attention to Miss Rachel McIlvaine, as also Miss Stein.

The only member absent was Sam McClelland. He regrets it, no doubt, but probably his "wooden shoes" have not been patented as yet.

"Snooks" enjoyed it in his usual way. He was generally to be found everywhere, and of those names he has omitted there were many, but there being so many it was difficult to jot all down, and with this the case, let it be said there were present Misses and Masters and many others whose names have slipped our memory, but that they enjoyed it seems probable, and it was an auspicious opening of the ball season.

MONTAGUE TIGR.

Notices.

The deaf mutes of Harlem, N. Y., are invited to the service in St. Andrew's Chapel, 128th Street near Fourth Avenue, on Sunday, December 19th, at 11 a. m.

Service at Calvary Church, cor. 8 and South 9th Street, Brooklyn, E. D., will be held in the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Badly Hurt.

Oswego, December 3.—About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Mr. Geo. W. Schonton, of Hannibal, New York, a deaf-mute, while walking on the railroad track at Furness Station, was struck by the cars and badly injured. Dr. Jones, of this place, attended him.

Truly yours,

AN OSWEGO MAN.

KANSAS.

Here we are again. The irrepressible, We're living yet, and just intend to spite "Vox Populi" from indulging in obituaries.

"Vox" speaks of us as the cultured scholars. Yum! Yum!! When it comes to writing eulogies and obituaries, "Vox" stands at the head.

The intelligent compositor on the JOURNAL, having made it, read "steels," instead of the stick, in our referring to our Schneider, he will in constant trepidation that he will come for us with a cudgel.

Miss Annie Bolton, a young semi-mute lady, who has been a resident of St. Joe, Mo., for the past year, is now living at Denver, Worth County, Mo. She is a graduate of the Illinois School, being a resident of Davenport, Ia., before her removal to St. Joe.

Charlie Casselman, a graduate of the Kansas Institution, and a disciple of St. Crispin, is soleing the soles of men at Radical City, Kan. He is reported to have a thriving trade, being an industrious workman. He is also the father of two children.

John Martin, one of the *Star's* old typots, followed the craft for some time after leaving school, but finding it unhealthy, he took to the plow and hoe. But now having got the land fever, he has sold out his farm, and contemplates taking Horace Greeley's advice, i. e., taking up the line of march for the land of Canaan.

"Vox Populi" wishes to know the whereabouts of "Southern Boy," and the reason of his not writing to the JOURNAL. If we mistake not, he is in the High Class at the Kansas Institution, diving deep in the fount of knowledge under the direction of Prof. Phillips. He also toots a blast for Chox.

While we, Western writers, have our little set us, yet there is perfect unity between us as to the admission that the West furnishes the best and brightest writers for the JOURNAL.

Danfors speaks well of himself starting a daily paper down at Kansas City. Suppose he starts an independent mute paper, as the West has none, although a full quota of mutes. It would pay him better. We'd send down our subscription in old stamps.

Editor Bowles, in a late issue of the *Star*, laments the non-interest some of the teachers take in the success or failure of the school paper. He gives them a pretty sharp reprimand for their neglect. His lot is not one of roses, as we all know, and his only solace is that the same thing exists in other schools, which we very much doubt.

We remember the plans laid, and the nets cast to get them to help fill up the news columns. We don't want to brag, but modestly say that we worked as hard to make it enterprising and newsworthy as any one, the editor excepted. We remember our first year was one of thorns and stone.

What ridicule we had to endure for being enthusiastic in trying to make it newsworthy, how we begged, and pleaded for them to help, what plans we made, as putting up a box in the school room, hall, where they could drop their communications, but the only thing dropped was an egg by a blue bird.

We will remember to our grave how, after much cogitation, one of the teachers evolved a three line article, but first had to look in the dictionary for the definition of the word "delectables."

That is partly the reason of our being cynical. Yes, sirs and madams, we feel the pang yet from the scolding, and ridicule we had to endure. Of course, with the advent of Mr. Walker, it was a great deal better. It was made compulsory for teachers and pupils to write locals, and other articles, and he (the Superintendent) himself has more than once burned the midnight oil for that purpose.

Yet they could do more than they have, and be well repaid. We had a great deal better heart in that work last year, as we received better aid and encouragement from some, especially the president of the Gallaudet Society, and captain of the clippers. If all teachers, as a whole, are not more enthusiastic, then we tender the editor our heartfelt sympathy. An institution paper ought to be supported by all.

Danfors says if Chox Tozz wants to see another society organized, to toot his trumpet, and go in, and he will have enough of followers. We are not any too enthusiastic about it. We remember the organizing of that society two years ago. You, the mates of Kansas City, had the support of Editor Bowles, and the use of the *Star* as your organ. You had a president in Frank Scott, whose sole aim was to better your social condition, who had no personal ends in view, who wished to see it on a solid foundation, for spending the society money for Fourth of July lemonade. And what did you do. Thought yourselves smart Alecks, and could dispose of him after all the labor and expense he took in bringing it to a reality. Their being ready to get down on their knees, will doubtless sound sweet to him. Perhaps he may be willing to try it again, if he were apprised of your desire, but he gets so awful mad, whenever anything of that sort is mentioned, that we wouldn't risk it, as we wish to live to a green old age, and not be cut down in the flower of our youth.

We'll have to use that old saw, "Better late than never," as a loophole for our neglect to congratulate our old tutor, Prof. Phillips, on his fifty-third birthday. May he have many more returns of the natal day, and may each one be more beautiful and grander than the last, is our wish.

Charlie Angie, Ex-Vice-president of the Pas-a-pas Club, of Chicago, and a great many more pretty things, who

has been sojourning in Kansas since September, has been swinging round the circle visiting friends the past two weeks, and spent three days visiting his old friend, Frank Scott, of Leavenworth. His home, *pro tem*, is at Topeka, and he finds it very congenial there.

Prof. Hiram Phillips has been appointed receiver for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund in the State of Kansas. A public entertainment was given at the Institution chapel on the 10th, and no doubt it was a successful affair.

We dropped in on the ex-president of the Mo. Valley Club, the other day, and we had our war paint on. It took us some time to assure him of our identity, and we were at a loss to know what made him look at us in such a scared sort of way. We're a terror, when we have our war paint on. He apprised us of a plan being on foot to resurrect the corpse of the defunct society. His lordship, the ex-secretary had written, asking for brains. We had a long discussion, pro and con, and resulted in the decision that we looked upon it favorably, but the scorching those K. C. mutes got, who were so fresh in breaking up the other society, was a caution. But there will be no fooling about it. They will have to come under the thumb. If the L— delegation comes down New Year's, they want and will see all bickering put aside.

P. S. Just heard of a bran new idea to have a club devoted to humor, humorous speeches, humorous reports, etc., to be the only original mute club. The originators are deep students of human nature, and knowing that mutes are melancholy, a society that cheers will infuse new life into them. It will also give them the prestige of having the advantage of being first in this new departure. A meeting will very likely be held before Christmas, or soon thereafter, and the report of it will be sent to the JOURNAL, and will undoubtedly set all mutedom in merry smiles.

Chox Tozz.

Reminiscences of the Great Rebellion. A MOST TRUE AND VERACIOUS INCIDENT OF MORGAN'S RAID. (By one who suffered therefrom.)

The letter of J. Taylor, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, in which he speaks of Morgan the raider, reminds me that I have a personal grievance against the rebel chief. Whenever the atmosphere is damp and the signal service predicts rain, a vague, indescribable sense of malaise and weirdly fitting panic pervades the larger toe of my dexter pedal, and then do I rise up and exclaim against John Morgan, his heirs and assigns forever.

The melancholy circumstances I have long shielded from the knowledge of the anxious public, but the time has come, the JOURNAL has established a war department, and I will a tale unfold. My paternal aunt, out in Adams, Connecticut, was one hot summer day jogging to town on the back of the family jack mule,—the mule whose size and coyness I have heretofore celebrated. It was young then, filled with the fire and vigor of youth, but withal mild and gentle as the April zephyrs, and obedient as a small boy the week before Christmas.

It was in those stirring times of the late unpleasantness when, as the poets put it,

"Rich Ohio soil started those calm September days,
For strange wild men were galloping over her broad highways."

And it came to pass that two miles from Winchester she was overtaken by

"Morgan, Morgan, the raider,
And Morgan's terrible men."

who ungallantly dumped her into the ditch, and pressed the surprised and terrified animal into the service of the confederacy; a bold, bad, braided butternut bestrode him, prodded him with spurs, pricked him with a sabre, and belabored him with a horse pistol. (I desire to be historically accurate, therefore, will admit that possibly it was a Colt revolver, and not a horse pistol, any way it was something equine.)

Under this cruel and unusual treatment, the animal's nature changed; from a gay, light hearted hybrid, he became morose, and misanthropical, took a pessimistic view of life, and became imbued with the Socialistic spirit of Carl Marx and Herr Most, and haughty and reserved as "Solid Muldoon."

When, as a barefoot boy, I roamed the fields, seeking the lair of the fiery, untamed, bumblebee, and carelessly singing my roundelay, the animal, which had been recaptured by the Michigan Cavalry, viewed me with an unwarranted suspicion, and when I, with the guileless gall of happy childhood, one day, mounted him, he bucked me over his head, and trod upon me, and ducked me in the goose pond, and ever after have I been suspected of having corns, because of my woebegone aspect in damp weather; but it ain't corns—it was that Jack mule.

FREE LANCE.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Dec. 12—Cincinnati.
" 13—Zanesville.
" 19—Indianapolis.
" 20—Evansville.
" 25—Cleveland.
" 26—Cleveland.

Jan. 1—Cleveland.
" 2—Pittsburgh.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor Harbert of the Colorado *Index*, and others, do Prof. J. W. Chase, of Olathe, Kansas, a gross injustice in connecting his name with parties, they say attempted to break up the Kansas Institute. Mr. Chase's efforts in this direction are but phantoms of lurid imagination of these persons, he being entirely unconscious of any such effort or intention. Mr. A. J. Lamoreaux, who was instrumental in what they call these efforts, never attacked that Institution, but has made a few remarks, touching the methods and management of the Superintendent. These were over his own signature and were given to the public through the press. As Mr. Lamoreaux knew whereof he spoke and courted investigation, he could have been silenced without any trouble, had he not the proofs to back his assertions. As the school is a public institution, endowed and supported at the expense of the State, and the Superintendent, a public officer, the manner conducting it, and the acts of the official head are matters open to criticism and reproof from the humblest citizen. It would certainly do these persons no harm, to learn the distinction between condemning the hypocrisy and cruelty enacted in this Institution—a year or so ago—and "trying to break up the School."

That the exposures made by Mr. Lamoreaux were not provocative of this official's retirement, cannot be accepted as evidence of their lack of foundation. We live in an age when all kinds of social cancers are allowed to feed and enroach upon the body—for a time—but they contain the elements of their own destruction, and Time, the inexorable and impartial adjuster of all things eventually eradicates them root and branch. Even such a thing as purging of an educational institution, though comparatively insignificant, will not escape attention, and if the letters penned by Mr. Lamoreaux were instrumental in securing through fear of public opinion, what they would never have had from the dictates of humanity, viz: more manly and Christian-like treatment of the little voiceless children, then we unhesitatingly say they were not written in vain.

Now, Editor Harbert, we advise you to stop kicking and attend to your own affairs. Public opinion will tell who has kicked the hardest—we have been unaware, we kicked any one but you.

St. Louis appears in the JOURNAL again with a new correspondent by the sweet name of "Patsy Bolivar." She shows her contempt for Kansas City in her first letter, and it is not surprising when we told you long before how jealous your sleepy old city was of the young metropolis at the mouth of the Kansas river. From the tone of her letter, we know she is not a woman but a man in disguise, and it will be a fitting name to call her "Patsy Bolivar."

Last Saturday evening, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Rev. A. W. Mann gave a very interesting account of his trip to California to the mutes of this city. Several from the Institution at Olathe, Kas., were also present. On the following Sunday, he held services at Grace Church, for the deaf, twice in the morning and again in the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Marksbury were confirmed.

In a private letter from Council Bluffs, Ia., we learn that Mr. Russell Smith, of Omaha, recently eloped with a Baltimore belle. It is true he is married, and coisly settled in his old home. Our congratulations.

Mr. A. J. Lamoreaux has gone West on business, connected with his new paper, and says he will bring "Solid Muldoon" back with him.

Omaha has a deaf-mute puglist, by the name of Mike McMahon. Our champion, Harry B. Allison, says he is anxious to meet him.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Curtis, of Lawrence, Kas., spent several days in town, last week. We were glad to see them. Mr. Curtis owns one of the finest farms in Kansas.

Who will be the next to add his or her name to the already long list of Kansas correspondents to the JOURNAL?

From present appearances, it is certain that the party announced at Whitaker's, January 1st, will be a grand success. A great many mutes in Kansas and Missouri have signified their intention to be present.

We learn that the famous bat-passer, Tom Hogarth, is staying with St. Matthew, in Chicago. When ye have money, ye have friends.

Mr. Clarence Corey is well settled in Omaha. Those fellows who are making fun of him in the JOURNAL, do it out of spite. He is a respectable gentleman.

"Cactus, Jr.," can you tell us where "Cactus, Sr." is? The last we heard of him he was down in New Mexico raising a new crop of thistles.

A bright baby girl has appeared in the home of Mr. R. T. Thompson, of Olathe, were in town last week.

Miss Ida Williams, the girls supervisor at the Kansas Institution, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Marksbury last week.

Every time "Old Mortality" comes down from his den in the mountains, out in Colorado, to fill his jug with "tanglefoot," he drops a letter to the JOURNAL.

December 8, '86.

DANFORS.

In Northern Asia now they are making whiskey of reindeer milk, which is rich in alcohol.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Miss Grace Hastings, of East Aurora, N. Y., a graceful lady, was the guest of Miss Mary Hazard on Thanksgiving Day, and returned home the next morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Staffinger, of Buffalo, N. Y., are regular visitors to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Girardin.

Robert Watts, Jr., of this city, was on his way home after having delivered oil orders, and passing the new Music Hall, the horse got frightened at at something black which looked like a log, and ran into a pile of lumber, breaking the axle of the wagon. Mr. Watts was thrown out, receiving only a few slight bruises about the head. The horse as it was running away, was captured.

August Kowald received a dressed pig, weighing nearly 350 pounds, a few days ago, from his farm at East Arcade, N. Y. Mr. John Conlon assisted in salting the pork.

Messrs. Watts and Kowald have been collecting money among the deaf-mutes of this city for the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, and on their rounds met quite a party of deaf mutes at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Girardin. Among those present were Misses Papineau, Au, Pontie, Freund and Fleischhauer, and Messrs. Freund and Gough.

The mates of Buffalo were glad to see Mr. C. W. Stowell once more. He was in town on business, and returned to Bliss, N. Y., where he likes living first rate.

A Challenge.

DEAR EDITOR:—Some time last year, in one of the issues of your estimable JOURNAL, I noticed a challenge to me from Mr. LeClercq to fence with me in a public place, and in the article of the German Picnic of last July, "Montague Tigg" mentioned a match I had with LeClercq (with canes), and his opinion that the latter got the best of me.

To tell the truth, I never took the least notice of the challenge, because I had a very poor opinion of LeClercq as a swordsman, and I had no ambition to meet an opponent unworthy of my steel. In the German Picnic, I only wanted to find out what he knew about fencing, and he only strengthened my opinion expressed above. After this, I forgot all about it. But, of late, the subject re-appeared as a topic among certain mutes in a manner uncomplimentary to me. This decided me to reply in these terms.

Mr. LeClercq and his backers may make immediate arrangements as to place of meeting, which must be public, select their own weapons, buttoned or not, rapiers, foils, sabres or any kind of sword they like, and every other detail they choose. All I demand is that the judges shall be three hearing persons unknown to Mr. LeClercq and me, and the loser shall forfeit ten dollars (\$10.) to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

I will not waste more words on the subject, and I will not listen to anything else they may say. If they don't attend to the business at once, I shall brand Mr. LeClercq a cowardly braggart. Respectfully Yours,

ALBERT BALLIN.

New York, Dec. 8, 1886.

MISSING.

Charles Gayley Mills, a deaf-mute left, his home in Rochester, N. Y., last August for the purpose of obtaining employment. He is nearly eighteen years old, but looks older; is five feet eight inches in height; a little round-shouldered, but strong and well built; his weight is between one hundred and forty, and one hundred and fifty pounds; he has a light complexion, blue eyes, brown hair and face a little freckled. He is a carpenter by trade and has had such practice in carpentry and lathing as would enable him easily to earn his own support, could he find steady work.

His friends wish to know how he is employed, and what influences surround him. A cause of anxiety to them is that during the last four years, he has been subject to attacks of illness; their possible recurrence makes it desirable for friends to know where he is, that in case of his being in serious need of their help and care they would be able to render him assistance.

As the friends have not been able to hear of any such person as Charles Gayley Mills, working in the places to which he has gone, it is feared that he is working under an assumed name.

Any one who can send information of the young man, Charles Gayley Mills, above described, to any one of his relations, whose addresses are given below, will confer a great favor. Compensation will be gratefully made to any one for the trouble it may be to give information of the present whereabouts of Charles Gayley Mills.

ADDRESSES:—
Calvin J. Mills, *New York Herald*, New York City.
Sherman S. Rogers, Buffalo, N. Y.
E. W. Gayley, Care of Head & Co., Wilmington, Del.
Edward M. Mills, 30 E. King St., New York, Pa.
Calvin H. Mills, 945 North St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

Unlike what is generally supposed, Paul Revere was a man of 40 when he took his famous ride.

WANTS.

"Man wants but little here below; Nor wants that little long."

"Tis not with me exactly so; But 'tis so in my song, My wants are many, and if told, Would muster many a score, And were each wish a mint of gold, I still should long for more."

—JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Man is a very unsatisfied kind of individual. The more he has the more he wants. If his motives are purely unselfish, this dissatisfaction would be right, and the more dissatisfied a man was, the better it would be for him and every body else, but, alas!

"For parent and for child, for wife and friend, Our first great mover, and our last great end, Is one, by whatever name we call The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all."

The unselfish are largely in the minority, and no one is thoroughly unselfish. I have often discussed that subject with a friend of mine. I take the stand that man is naturally selfish, and has more bad qualities in him than good, while my friend insists that he has more good than bad in him. But then my friend is a clergyman, and so that accounts for his way of thinking. I once read of an English sailor, in the Greenwich Hospital for Disabled Sailors, in England, being asked what he would like to have, if he had all he wanted. He replied plenty of whiskey and tobacco.

He was asked if he would like any thing else, and after deep thought replied that he would like a little more tobacco. He had all the tobacco he needed, but still was not satisfied but wanted more.

A great many men, especially young ones, want fame. They think it a great thing to be officers of societies and chairmen of committees. So it probably is, provided one knows how to manage affairs properly and can stand plenty of advice and abuse without losing his temper and dignity; but few can do that. There was once a celebrated Roman Cardinal, named Hildebrand. He was repeatedly urged to accept the nomination for Pope, but invariably declined, until just before he died, when he accepted. But, although he was not Pope in name, still he was so, in fact, for while the Pope ruled the Roman Church, Hildebrand ruled the Pope, and through him the Church. Everybody, who knows anything of English history, has read of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. He turned Henry VI. out of the English throne, and put Edward IV. in his place, and when he got tired of Edward, put Henry back again. Warwick was a descendant of the English royal family, and although not in the exact line of descent to inherit the throne, still possessed sufficient power to have put himself on it, if he had wished to, but then he did not want to do so, and showed great sense in not doing so. Selfish desire for personal fame does not amount too much.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

True glory, worth having, is—

"The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes."

It is true that the deaf cannot command the applause of senates,—our field is restricted, but still we can help along the progress of society. We have made immense progress since the elder Gallaudet opened

FANWOOD.

A Mock Trial Makes All Laugh.

OUR WEEKLY BUDGET.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The principal event at Fanwood during the week just past, was a "Mock Trial," under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association, which took place in the chapel of the Institution on Saturday evening, December 11th. The audience was unusually large, and such an entertainment very rare. It was participated in by Dr. Peet, as Judge; Prof. Fox, as District Attorney, and Prof. Jones, as Counselor for the defendant, and the following named pupils who appeared under assumed names in costumes most conceivable to excite laughter, or such as is often met among the "rougher element" of wicked Bowery, this city:

JURYMEN	ASSUMED NAME	OCCUPATION
F. W. Beards	C. H. Spurgeon	Minister.
C. T. Thompson	Prof. Herman	Magician.
G. McConnell	Mr. Toubatman	Farmer.
J. W. Jones	Joe Gerhardt	Pool-seller.
B. H. Tweed	Billy Tweed	Son of the Big Six.
Mr. Tyler	John Gray	Undertaker.
G. Gallagher	John Shull	Farmer.
W. C. Carter	James Driscoll	Bumster.
W. L. Hanson	Steve Driscoll	Bridge-jumper.
E. F. Lyons	Joe Goldstein	Town broker.
E. McKershan	D. Copperhead	Rich man.
A. J. Salmon	Harry Smith	Greenhorn.

WITNESSES FOR DEFENSE.	WITNESSES FOR PROSECUTION.
Wm. McVey, Fin Finnigan, Shaftsmen.	P. Mitchell, Jack Williams, Newsboy.
Ike Brockman, Moses Levi, Dry Goods Merchant.	T. E. Carlinian, Capt. Williams.

Shaftsmen Finnigan was arrested on charge of having stolen two vests from Moses Levi, dealer in second hand clothing on Baxter Street. The jury was sworn in singly, while the lawyers, who could not agree with words nearly agreed with fists, but these spells were quenched by the handy "cops," and the proceedings commenced. The witnesses were called to testify; they were cross-examined and their statements corroborated. As the case developed, both the prisoner and his witness were searched for the missing articles; a vest and a pair of infant pantaloons were discovered on the person of the prisoner, who claimed that they were to keep himself warm. A part of the other vest was found stowed away under the vest of the prisoner's witness, and a whiskey bottle was taken from one of his pockets. The prisoner's witness said he was too poor to buy a chest protector, so he had used the vest as a substitute, and the whiskey he said was medicine prescribed by a doctor whose name he had forgotten. The District Attorney said it smelled like whiskey, but the councillor for the defense was positive that it was molasses and water. The lawyers, unable to agree on this point, asked the decision of the judge, who confessed that he was not acquainted with the smell of whiskey, and therefore could not decide. The articles were identified by the Baxter Street Jew, and the court was at loggerheads. The lawyers were alternately furious with rage, and when the case closed, the jury repaired to another room, and on their return the spokesman gave the verdict "Not guilty." His Honor, the judge, gave it as his opinion that the jury did not know anything, but released the prisoner all the same. Finnigan fell into his wife's embrace, and with their friends had a regular war-dance, while the concealed lawyers hugged each other.

It was laughable throughout, and illustrated to the pupils the way criminals in our courts are tried and convicted. The pupils did their part admirably, and Ike Brockman was very successful in personifying a Baxter Street Jew. The trial lasted two hours, during which time Dr. Peet was very patient, and exercised the duties of his office in a manner that would do credit to any prominent judge, and his dignified presence added to the success of the occasion.

We said, last week, that Prof. Currier acted as interpreter in the trial of Philip Dackerman. The result was as we had hoped—freed from all suspicion.

There has been a church fair for the benefit of the Episcopal Church on Washington Heights, in which Miss Jane T. Meigs, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. E. H. Currier, Mrs. Rachel Cook and Mrs. J. H. Banks have been greatly interested, besides nearly every teacher and officer has attended. As an inducement to some of the young men to go, they were assured that there were plenty of pretty ladies to wait on them.

Wonders never cease! It is said by one who knows, that the dining-room decorations for next Christmas are going to be on a grander scale than ever.

There will be a pantomimic entertainment at the Institution some time this winter. It is to be under the joint management of the Peet and Fanwood Literary Associations. We do not know, at present, the name of the play, but will inform the readers later on.

Mr. John H. Geary gave an interesting lecture before the Peet Literary Society last Friday. The subject was "Con Coregan."

Henry Selanek, of Freehold, N. J. visited the boys after attending the ball of the Gallandet Club.

James H. Caton, our blind mute graduate, will be accompanied by his old chum, William Cotter to the picturesque Highlands next Saturday, for the purpose of bobbing and visiting. Winter is one of his favorite seasons.

The few inches of snow has almost disappeared, and the whizz of snow balls and the swish of passing sleds have ceased for a time.

W. F. Durian is spending the remainder of his school days in the printing office, and expects to be well equipped to battle with life when he leaves these classical halls.

Among those who were present at the Gallandet Club Ball from this quarter, were Mr. E. H. Currier and wife, Mr. William H. Bishop and wife, Thomas F. Fox, Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Frankie Hawkins, Miss Georgie Decker, and Miss Jennie Williams.

From Rev. Job Turner.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 3, 1886.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—You will know something about this Institution, which I am now visiting as a missionary.

While I was a teacher in the Virginia Institution during the year of 1844, the late Rev. Mr. Tyler, the principal, thought seriously of giving exhibitions to the legislatures of some of the southern states to persuade them to educate their respective deaf-mute children at Staunton, Va., because he was getting so anxious to have that institution called the Deaf-Mute Institution of the South, but, unfortunately, his desire had no effect.

December 29, 1844, Mr. Wm. D. Cooke, now deceased, gave an exhibition to the legislature of this state with a deaf-mute boy, one of my pupils, after which he gave exhibitions in different parts of this state to excite an interest among the people in the education of deaf-mutes.

On the 18th of January, 1844, the legislature passed a resolution to establish and maintain of an institution for the deaf, dumb and the blind, in this city.

This school has had six principals since its opening, and the present principal is Mr. Young, a speaking gentleman.

One of his assistants is Mr. David R. Tillinghast, still engaged in his work. While I was in his class room, he dictated a sentence by signs to his pupils, who then translated it into a written sentence, which was as follows: "Many of the pupils whom you have taught at New York, have gone to the Far West." See how correctly his pupils convey their ideas.

His brother, older than he, is connected with this school as an instructor of deaf-mutes. He was one of my pupils in Staunton, in 1846-7. He gave me a reception at his home last night. Mr. and Mrs. David R. Tillinghast, Mr. and Mrs. Haynes and Mr. Clontz were present at the entertainment, which I enjoyed very much. I was given a reception at Atlanta, Georgia, last Monday.

Mr. Clontz is the foreman of the shoe-shop of this school. He gave us an amusing anecdote.

His deaf-mute uncle was the other day walking out when he saw a squirrel descending a tree into the open mouth of a rattlesnake. The rattlesnake was on the point of swallowing the squirrel when the mute struck and killed the snake with a cane or stick, which saved the squirrel's life and it ran up the tree quickly.

Mr. Hill, for many years connected with the Maryland Institution, is one of the teachers. He has had many years' experience as a professor of deaf-mutes.

Miss Tarlington, a fine deaf-mute lady, has been called to the position of the matron of this institution.

PETERSBURG, VA., Dec. 6, 1886.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Last night I did not officiate in this place, on account of the inclemency of the weather. The ground is covered with snow, about half a foot deep, for the first time this winter. My visit has been officially postponed to next month.

Cobbs, the site of the first institution for teaching deaf-mutes in America, is on an eminence, on the north side of the Appomattox, nine miles below this city, still called the Cockade Town. I have never set foot on the spot, but will have my curiosity satisfied before long. That place has given birth to many of the Bollings, whose descendants now reside here.

It seems not to be known that Cobbs was the seat of the first institution for deaf-mutes established in America.

Thomas Bolling, of Cobbs, had several children who were deaf and dumb. He sent his oldest, John, to Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771, and placed him under the care of Thomas Braidwood, the famous preceptor of that art. His children, Thomas and Mary, followed in 1775, and they all remained at Braidwood's school during the American Revolution, returning to Cobbs, in 1783. John died soon after his return.

Thomas's articulation became so good, that his family and friends found no difficulty in understanding him in conversation and in reading aloud. He died in the sixty-seventh year of his age, at Gaymount, Caroline County, Va.

I have seen, at Goochland, C. H., Va., a full-length oil portrait of John

or Thomas Bolling, which I will try to get as a relic. Some of their drawings, made at Braidwood's Institute, are now in my possession. When I make the next visit, I will endeavor to become the recipient of some more relics for my own library. I have got a mania for collecting old books, etc., about the deaf and dumb.

I knew the late Judge John Robertson, who was related to the Bollings. In an obituary, printed in the Richmond Enquirer of February 18th, 1836, he said of him, "He composed and wrote in a peculiar, close and graphic style; and attained an artificial faculty of speech almost equal to natural. His grace of manner, variety, power of imitation, made him the wonder of strangers, and the delight of friends and relations."

I think I can safely say that the Bollings have had several deaf and dumb relatives by intermarriage.

In 1812, Mr. Bolling heard through a friend that a grandson of Braidwood's was in Washington, and sent for him, and he opened a school at Cobbs, and issued a prospectus of which I hope to get a copy, now in possession of the family.

The school was managed by Mr. Braidwood for several years, when he fell into bad habits and contracted large debts with the merchants of this city, and suddenly fled to the North.

In 1818, he returned to Richmond friendless, penniless, and almost naked, and went to Mr. Bolling for aid. Through his influence, the school was re-opened at Manchester, opposite to Richmond, and Mr. Braidwood took charge of it for only six months, when he fell a victim to ardent spirits, and then passed away.

His letter and other documents are in the hands of the family. I may come across them by and by.

I once had a personal acquaintance with a gentleman in Staunton, Va. He told me that he often met Mr. Braidwood, and gave me a story as follows: He was invited to take tea with a family in the country. He drank some ardent spirits, got on a horse, and fording a creek, when he fell intoxicated into the water. He lay drowned on the ground, till the family wished to account for his failure, and sent a slave girl who found him in that condition. She returned and told the family what she saw. He did not take tea, and returned home. It was the bottle that ruined him.

I am staying with the Rev. Dr. Gibson, who takes so deep an interest in the spiritual welfare of the deaf-mutes. What first gave rise to the interest, which he has so many years been taking in the condition of deaf-mutes. He found a little deaf-mute girl in town, reported her by letter to the Principal of the Virginia Institution, and had her sent thither. She remained there, until her education was finished. She returned home to live with her mother again, and afterwards married a very skillful deaf-mute book-binder, who, after some years, had the misfortune to lose his life under the wheel. They were my old pupils. She is a matronly lady whom strangers will take for a speaking lady. She keeps house for her married daughter with the dignity and skill of the most skillful house-keeper. She says she cannot do without the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which she takes. Her daughter makes signs like the deaf-mutes.

Last night I took tea with Miss Salie L. Irby, a deaf-mute lady, who has decided to take the JOURNAL.

I called on two other mates, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, yesterday. He has a shoe-shop of his own, and she was formerly a member of my class.

There is a deaf-mute printer at the Index-appeal office in this city. His name is Arthur Tucker. They speak favorably of him as a printer. He was educated at the Virginia Institution, and leaved his trade in the same office where the Goodson Gazette, a spicy little institution paper is published. The paper is printed by Mr. William M. Berkeley, a veteran printer under the supervision of Superintendent Doyle. He is descended from the old Berkeley, of Virginia. I may safely say that the late Bishop Meade was his uncle or grand uncle. He can talk well enough to be understood by others. His sister, now gone, had the imperfect faculty of speech.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

DEAF-MUTE ARTICULATION CLASS. SECOND YEAR.

MISS S. W. KEELER, after many years of instruction experiences, has organized a deaf-mute class for thorough instruction in language, articulation and lip-reading. For further information, apply personally or by letter to Miss KEELER, 72 West 50th St., New York City. 46-3mo.

"KING LEAR" in Brooklyn

Mr. Wm. G. Jones will deliver a lecture on "King Lear," at the room of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes (Tuttle Hall), No. 198 Grand Street, on Wednesday evening, January 12th, 1887. Open at 7:15. Admission 10 cents.

THOS. GODFREY, Chairman on Printing.

SECOND SEASON

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.



(Brooklyn Catholic Deaf-Mute S. S. Association)

City Assembly Rooms, Washington St. Junction of Fulton and Court Sts. and Myrtle Ave.

ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVE, Monday, Feb. 21, 1887.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, 50 Cents.

(Admitting gentlemen and ladies.)

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JAMES F. O'NEIL, Chairman.

D. L. SULLIVAN, JR., W. J. REILLY.

A GRAND Masquerade Ball and Levee

WILL BE HELD IN

WELLS MEMORIAL HALL,

987 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Friday, Dec. 31, 1886, at 8 P.M.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.

The deaf-mutes of New England and other states, with their speaking friends, are cordially invited to this Ball. The object is the aid of a self-supporting organization to be had by the deaf-mutes in this city. The Committee shall spare no pains to make the Ball the most enjoyable one ever held in this city. The program has been arranged, comprising dancing, playing games, dumb-bands, etc. The prizes will be awarded to the best deaf-mute lady dancer, hand-somest, ugliest, sturdiest original and character costumes, winner of four and eight-hand parades. A beautiful prize will be given to the person who guesses the nearest number of beans in the jar to be on exhibition in the hall, will charge ten cents each guest. Admission will occur before twelve o'clock, in order that they can have an opportunity to watch the old year out and new one in.

Refreshments will be served in the Coffee Room below, at any time.

Come one, Come all. Any further information can be obtained by addressing to the Secretary.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JOHN J. MCNEIL, Manager.

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SEASON.

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION.

OF THE

Catholic Literary,

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO BE HELD IN

IRVING HALL,

(Irving Place and 18th Street),

On Wednesday Evening, January 19th, 1887.

MUSIC BY PROF. R. E. SAUSE.

Tickets (admitting gentleman and ladies.) 50 Cents.

The Union takes pleasure in bringing before the public the notice of its Fifth Annual Reception.

As heretofore everything will be done on the occasion towards the comfort and enjoyment of its guests.

Irving Hall has been entirely re-decorated and contains the finest dancing floor of any ball-room in New York City.

Prof. Sause is a name that speaks for itself.

Tickets can be obtained of any of the members.

Particulars given later.

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JOHN F. O'BRIEN, Chairman,

WILLIAM ENNIS,

J. F. J. TRESCH.

WANTED.

A YOUNG GIRL to wash iron and do plain cooking. To one suitable, a good home will be given. Address: JOHN VAN NORT, BAYSHIRE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

NOTICE

To Graduates & Former Pupils OF THE

New York Institution FOR THE

Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, Principal.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, an alphabetical list of the names of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, President; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas. E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex. Dezenzord, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and a social among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. Dezenzord, No. 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson; Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank H. Shuman. Meetings are held first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo Williams, 407 Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes of Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Orent; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M. at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the hall of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and welcomed. Mr. Jos. G. Kelly is President, and Mr. Fred Reiker, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 61 Moore Street, Cincinnati, O.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object is the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Silfer is President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary. Meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the hall of the Association, No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE LEFER CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebrun, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President; Benjamin; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago men effected for the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-Pas—step by step. Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is offered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice-President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Objects: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn